Some kinds of optimism are bought cheaply: they come from sheltering yourself from the world. But the much more valuable, much more lasting kind of optimism comes from embracing the world—and that was my mother's kind. She was a dedicated Latin student, a bundle of energy, a basketball star in high school and at Trinity College in Washington, DC. Her nickname—''the adhesive guard''—testifies, I think, to her persistence on the court and everywhere else.

Born Mary Grace Murphy, she married my father Tom Dodd in 1934, loved him deeply, and gave him six children, of which I was the second-to-last. When my father left home to serve as a prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials in 1945, he wrote home to his ''dearest Grace'' every day—sometimes twice a day. His letters are filled with descriptions of the Nazi war criminals, ravaged, postwar Germany, growing conflict between the Americans and the Russians; but above all, they are filled with how much he missed his Grace. Being away from her, he wrote, was the hardest thing he had to do.

I can't help thinking that my mother had an even harder job—raising all of us! But as full as her hands were, raising four boys and two girls, she found time to give herself fully to her community, as well. She served on the local school board, was an early advocate for public kindergarten, and wrote a column in the Hartford newspaper. And with all that, she still had time left over to read avidly, travel widely, and study Spanish.

But my sister Martha said that her greatest talent was something much simpler, something that I think was at the root of everything else in her full life: the ability to take a walk. Not a modern, calorie-burning power-walk; but simply the skill for consciously forgetting the turmoil and bustle of life and taking time to reflect. My mother loved walks—and I think that they are what kept her smile bright and her optimism undimmed for so many years.

I know a great story about that optimism. When I moved back to Connecticut after graduating law school, the driver of the moving van had a hard time finding my new house. My mother was on hand to make sure everything was going smoothly, and as the driver got angrier and angrier, she finally climbed into the cab and said, ''I'll show you exactly where it is.'' As they drove into the dark, she kept insisting, ''I can just see it! I can just see it!''—for 4 miles. But she knew exactly where they were going, she calmed the driver's nerves, and she got him there, just as she promised.

Grace Dodd did the same for all of us. Whenever times were tough and the road ahead of us seemed dark, there she was by our side, saying, ''I can just see it!'' What we are, we owe to her; and on her 100th birthday, the best words we say in response are, ''Thank you.''●

(At the request of Mr. REID, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

TRIBUTE TO DONALD J. MULVIHILL

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I speak in memory of the life of Donald J. Mulvihill, a distinguished lawyer, a proud public servant, and an honored friend of the Dodd family. He recently died at the age of 76.

Donald gave nearly a half century—more than half of his life—to his law firm, Cahill Gordon & Reindel, and the length of his service testifies to his dedication and consummate skill as an attorney. For more than four decades, he managed his firm's Washington office, where he gained a reputation as one of America's leading authorities on federal business regulations.

Donald would tell you, though, that his most successful day at the office came when he was fresh out of law school and assigned to the same office as Grace Conroy, one of Cahill's first female lawyers. ''He thought he was getting demoted because they put a woman in his office,'' Grace would later joke. But Donald's attitude soon changed—he and Grace were married 3 years later, and they spent 45 years together.

Donald's skill in the law led President Johnson to tap him in 1968 to direct a task force on individual acts of violence for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, a council convened in the wake of the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Along with Princeton sociologist Mel Tumin, Donald wrote three volumes of the committee's final report, clearly detailing the link between deteriorating urban conditions and a swell in violent crime.

In 1970, he wrote with great insight and penetration on what it means to feel the seductive draw of crime in the inner city, ''to be young, poor, male and Negro, to want what the open society claims is available, but mostly to others; to see illegitimate and often violent methods of obtaining material success, and to observe others using these means successfully.''

For Donald, that was no mere academic conclusion; with the Eisenhower Foundation, he spent years working to put his recommendations into practice, giving as much energy to the revitalization of urban America as he did to his work in the law.

His example still reminds us: An open society is justly measured by the gap between what it claims is available, and what it provides—between what it promises, and what it delivers.

For his services, Donald Mulvihill will be remembered as a public-spirited leader who combined, in equal proportion, private success and civic duty. But I confess that all of those accomplishments mean comparatively little to me, next to what he did during a few months in 1967.

I was 23, but I can still recall as if it were yesterday the Senate's censure hearings of my father, Senator Tom Dodd. What a painful time that was for my family—but it gave me strength to know that sitting at my father's side, through the whole ordeal, was a talented young lawyer named Donald Mulvihill. I know how thankful my father was for Donald's good counsel.

It was the rare case that Donald didn't win; but still, he won my father's sincere and lasting gratitude. And though Tom Dodd is long gone, my family and I have kept his gratitude alive.

Now Donald is beyond our thanks. But I pledge to remember him, to keep alive his good name, and to hold up his example of a life well lived.●

(At the request of Mr. REID, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

REMEMBERING CHIEF RALPH STURGES

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I wish to mark the passing of a true Connecticut leader and a great benefactor of his people: Ralph Sturges, chief of the Mohegan Indian tribe. Chief Sturges was 88.

At various times in his long life, Ralph was a deliveryman, a public relations director, a Civilian Conservation Corps worker, a noted marble sculptor, and a World War II Bronze Star winner—but he found his greatest purpose late in life, leading and reviving Connecticut's Mohegan tribe.

Ralph's work on behalf of the Mohegans—who have called New England home for more than four centuries—was unflagging and successful at long last. When he first sought Federal recognition for the tribe, the Government replied that the Mohegans had ceased to exist in the 1940s. That rang clearly false to Ralph, who knew firsthand that the Mohegan identity was still alive; and under his leadership, the tribe pushed until it was finally recognized in 1994.

The Mohegans were only the ninth tribe ever to be recognized on the basis of documentary evidence—evidence which Ralph and other Mohegan leaders were tireless in collecting. The chairman of the neighboring Mashantucket Pequot tribe called his efforts ''an inspiration to native peoples everywhere.'' The Mohegans honored Ralph by naming him chief for life.

But Ralph was more than a cultural guardian; he was also a shrewd businessman. He understood that a prosperous tribe was more likely to survive into his children's and grandchildren's generations, and beyond; and so he negotiated to build the Mohegan Sun casino on tribal land.

Its popularity testifies to Ralph's economic leadership, and its profits pay for health care and college tuition for all Mohegans. Ralph was proud of the casino's success and spoke plainly